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# The New York Times

## MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

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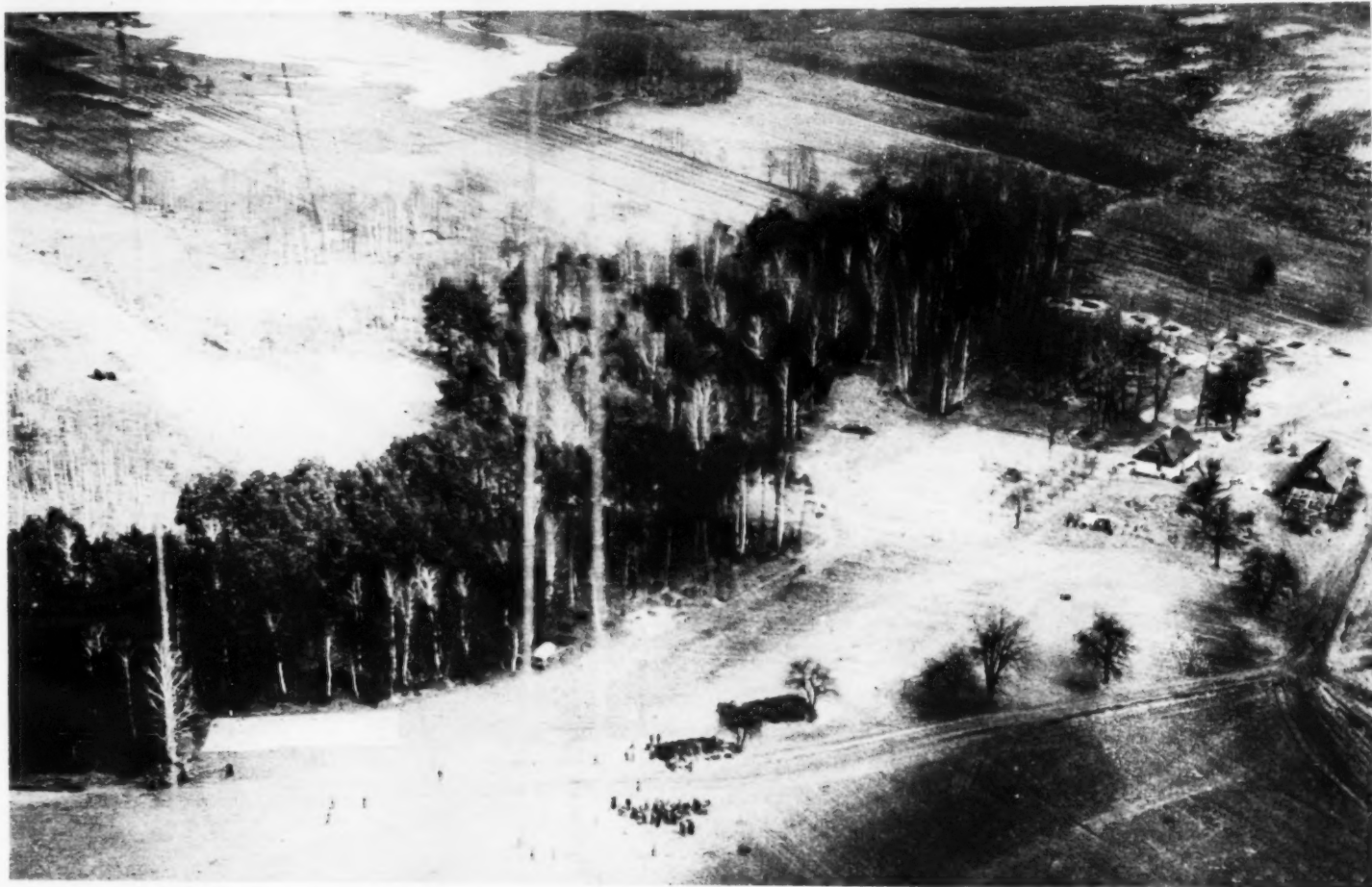
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Red Cross Nurses Aid the Hospital Fund with a Performance of "Robin Hood" at Beckham, England  
(Photo © International News.)



## SEEN FROM THE DECK OF A ZEPPELIN



A View Taken from the Deck of an Airship, Showing Gun Emplacements Screened by a Wood.  
(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)

A WRITER who accompanied the Zep-  
pelin L—on her raid on the north-  
eastern coast of England on June 15,  
when an attempt was made to set fire to the  
dockyards at Newcastle and Immingham,  
has given his impressions in the Cologne  
Gazette of June 27, thus:

"It is barely growing dusk when Lieut.  
Commander X, in command of airship L—  
receives an order over the telephone to cruise  
on the morrow in a northwesterly direction  
in the latitude of Terschelling. He gives  
the necessary orders, lies down, and early  
next morning enters the hangar.

"The crew of two deck officers and twelve  
noncommissioned officers are already at  
work with a group of men under the orders  
of the officer of the guard. The Lieutenant  
looks to see that everything is in order.

"Sailors in the gondolas test the motors.  
One of the officers satisfies himself that the  
supply of petrol is complete, while the other  
superintends the placing of bombs and in-  
cendiary missiles in the gondolas. The  
skipper climbs into the gondolas, and, after  
a brief inspection, expresses his satisfaction  
with a nod of the head.

"He is very particular to know that light  
refreshments—warm tea in thermos flasks  
and bread and butter—have been shipped.  
On longer trips he is accustomed to take  
sausages also. They are easily warmed on  
the exhaust in a tiny aluminum pot. The  
necessary maps are also in order.

"The crew are at their stations in the  
gondolas. The officer in charge reports  
'All in order' to the skipper, who calls out  
instructions to discharge the water ballast.

"There is a rush of water, and the vessel  
gradually rises above her props and floats  
in the air. The captain paces her whole  
length, scanning her with careful eye. Then  
he climbs into the front gondola and orders  
her to be taken out.

"The Lieutenant repeats the order 'Air-  
ship forward,' and the men with the moor-  
ing ropes tow her into the open.

"The skipper has to wait patiently, and  
squats on the bulwark of the gondola wait-  
ing for a more propitious moment. The

wind goes down. Springing to his feet, he  
shouts: 'Loosen!' and the mooring rope at  
the bow is let go.

"She is now held only by the gondolas,  
into which the Lieutenant climbs. Like an  
impatient steed champing at its bit, the  
airship is tugging at its mooring ropes.  
There is a cry of 'Tention!' and a long, shrill  
blast from the boatswain's whistle. The last  
ropes are dropped, and almost simultan-  
eously the engine-room telegraph signals  
motors full speed ahead."

"With a noise like thunder the propellers  
spring into life, and the vessel shoots for-  
ward and upwards.

"The forward gondola resembles nothing  
so much as the bridge of a warship, and as in  
the chart-house of a cruiser, so the skipper  
now bends over his maps.

"Clad in fur-lined leather clothes, he has  
to protect himself against cold, which par-  
ticularly attacks his feet. He also has to  
protect his ears from the noise of the motors,  
so nerve-racking is their throb. No matter  
how long the cruise lasts, the officers never  
quit their posts.

"Already in the ascent the ship has  
cleaved its way through banks of clouds.  
The sun shining through them on the sea  
facilitates steering. With his eyes on the  
shadow of the vessel and a piece of wood  
hanging loose at the end of a string, the  
skipper is able to reckon the speed of the  
vessel, and the condition of the wind.

"The vessel advances in a straight line to  
the northwest. A number of fishing vessels  
can be seen at sea, all flying the Dutch  
flag, but the skipper thinks his own thoughts.  
He knows that British fishermen, even close  
under their own coasts, now seldom fly  
anything but the Dutch colors.

"By 3 P. M. his mission is at an end. He  
had received orders to be back at the hangar  
before dusk, but the weather being so favor-  
able, he asks permission by wireless to act  
on his own initiative and profit by the favor-  
able opportunity. 'Agreed,' is the reply.

"Continuing his flight to the northwest,  
he determines to deliver a blow against the  
English coast. It is yet twilight when he

approaches England, and he ascends to a  
height of 4,000 feet in order to keep out of  
sight of England's guardships.

"Through a rift in the clouds a destroyer  
could be seen making the round of the guard-  
ships. There is nothing yet to be seen of  
the land, but a blackish mistiness on the  
distant horizon is recognized by trained  
eyes as smoke from the chimneys of an in-  
dustrial district.

"The skipper now knows that he has  
steered a true course, and that his destina-  
tion—a harbor with enemy dockyards—is  
before him. He remains above the clouds  
until it is dark; then, approaching the coast,  
he detects in the dying daylight the two  
moles marking the mouth of the river which  
he is seeking.

"Almost simultaneously flashes of artil-  
lery fire come from below. The rudder  
swings round, and, steering past the attack-  
ing fortress, the airship is over the yards,  
arsenals, and munitions factories. The air-  
ship's gunner is lying on his face by the  
sighting apparatus, and fires at the targets  
over which he is being steered.

"There are now flashes beneath us which  
do not proceed merely from the enemy  
artillery. The displacement of air, due to  
a tremendous explosion, is felt in the gon-  
dolas. Below us a large factory collapses.

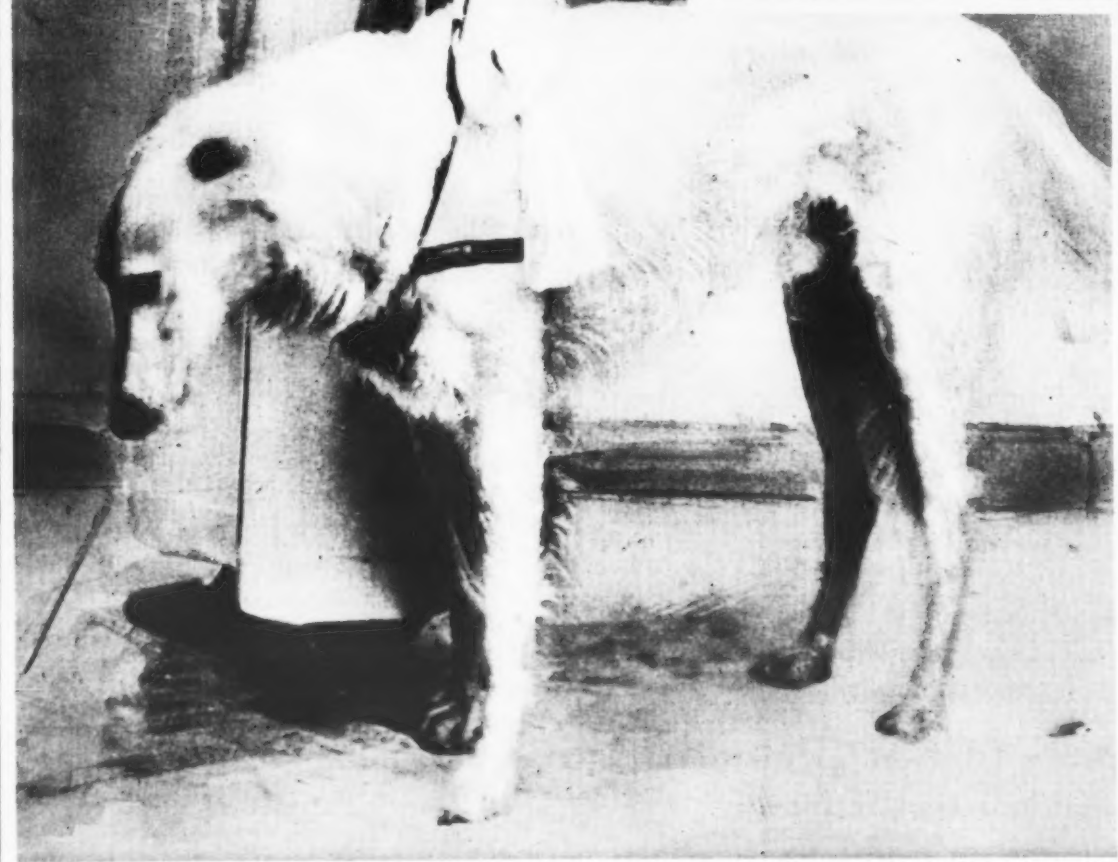
"The windows of the other workshops  
suddenly become dark. The men in the  
gondolas are under the impression that they  
see policemen hurrying through the streets  
to give warning, and house after house is  
suddenly swallowed in darkness until the  
town and suburbs are in complete ob-  
scurity.

"But the work is done. After observa-  
tions have been made for half an hour the  
return journey is begun. The weather is  
clearer but bitterly cold.

"The skipper sinks to an altitude of only  
300 feet above Heligoland, and is helped  
by the moonlight along the German coast.  
Above Norderney the maps are again  
requisitioned, and then the airship sails  
straight overland for the hangar."



POPULAR PRINCESSES,  
PRUSSIAN AND BRITISH,  
WHO HELP TO HEAL  
THEIR COUNTRIES' WOUNDED



Above—Princess Arthur of Connaught, (Alexandra Victoria, Duchess of Fife,) Who Goes to France to Work as a Red Cross Nurse at the Front.  
(Photo from Bain News Service.)

At Left—The Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe, Princess of Prussia, Wife of Prince Adolf, Who Has Enthusiastically Entered Into German Red Cross Work.



## At Two German Bases in the North of France



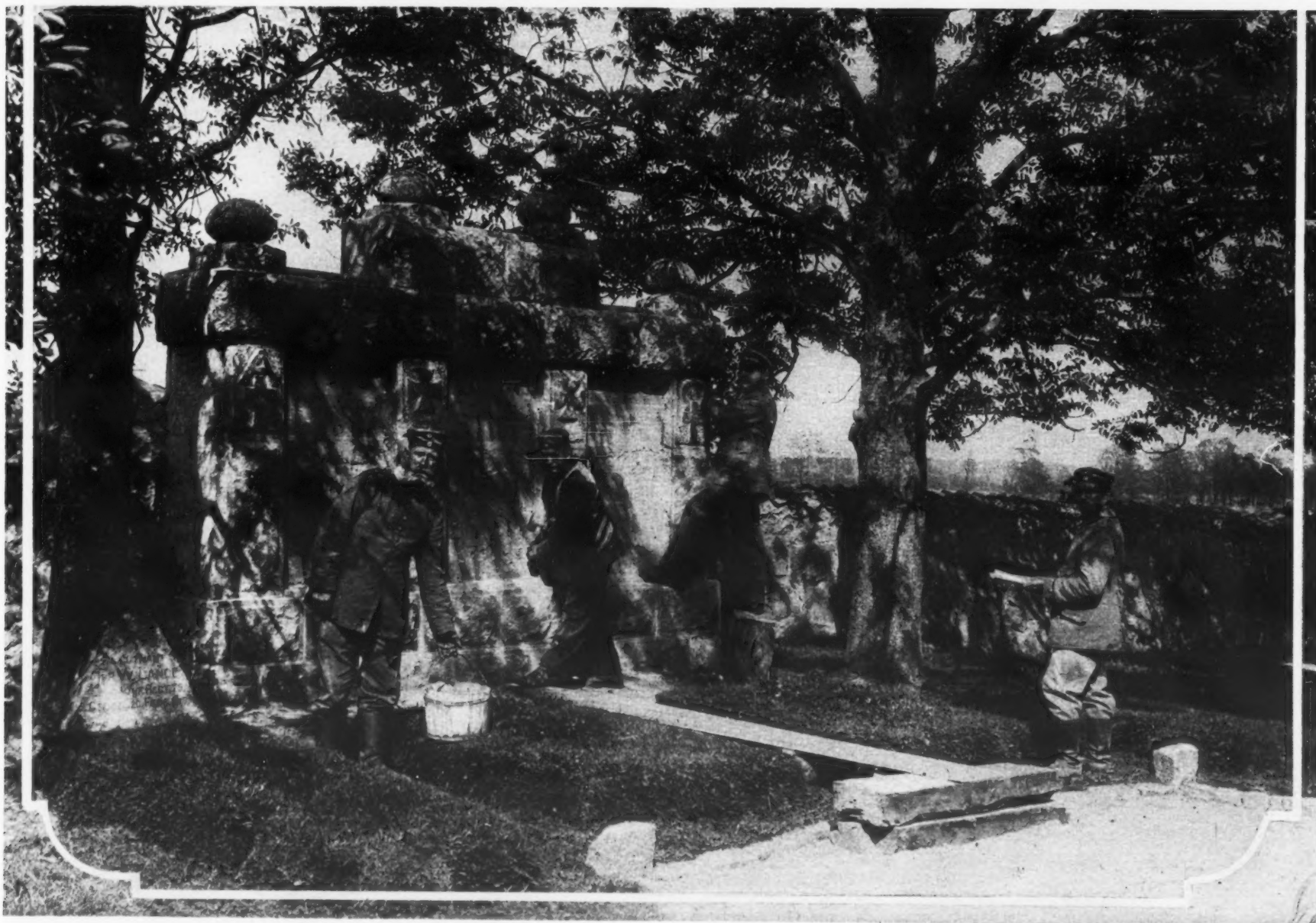
At Top—An Inspection of Clothes in the German Ranks Behind the Front, Near Verdun.

Below—A General View of a German Infantry Camp Situated Near St. Mihiel.

*(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)*



## The Germans Remember Their Living and Their Dead



At Top—A Trainload of Gifts Sent from German Homes to the Soldiers at the Front in Galicia.

Below—German Sculptors at Work on Another of Their Many War Monuments, Erected, This Time, on a Galician Battleground.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

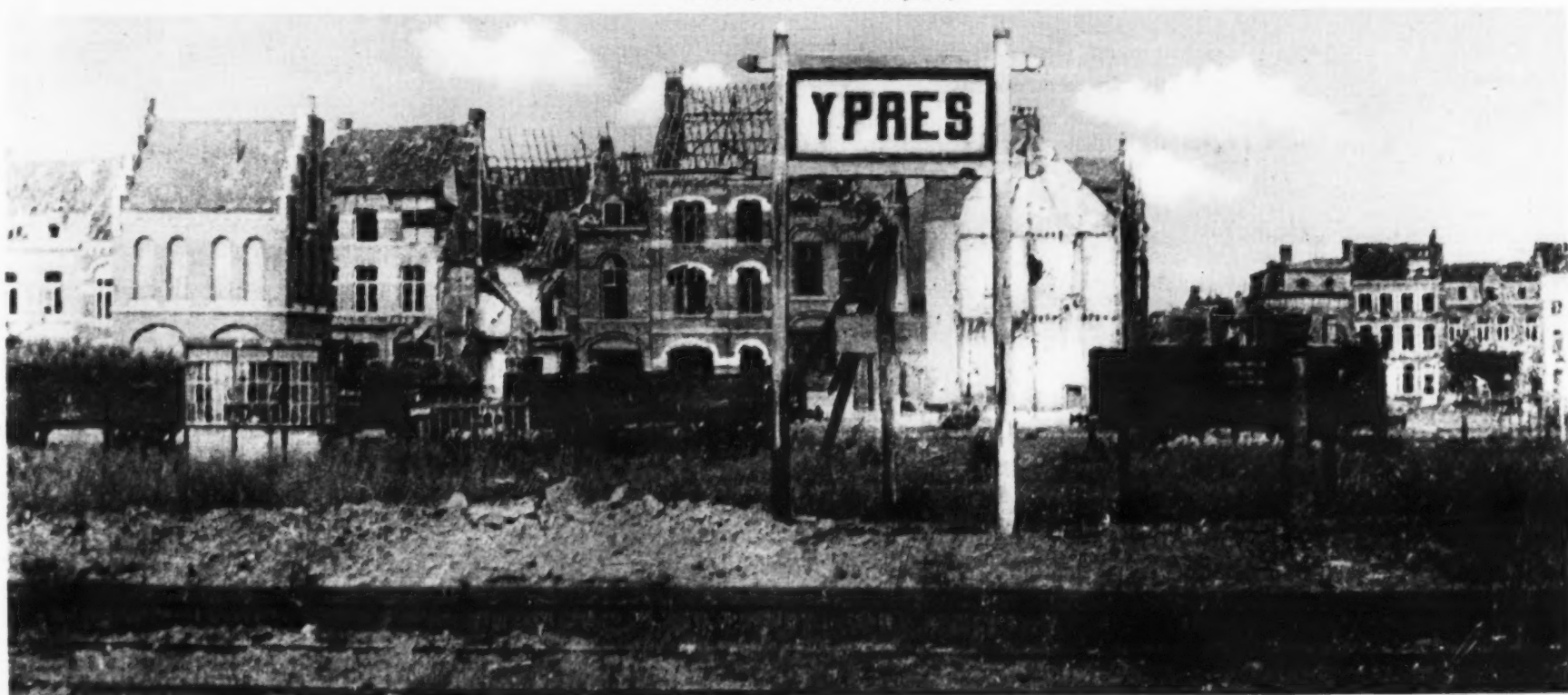


## Along the Line from Flanders to the Vosges



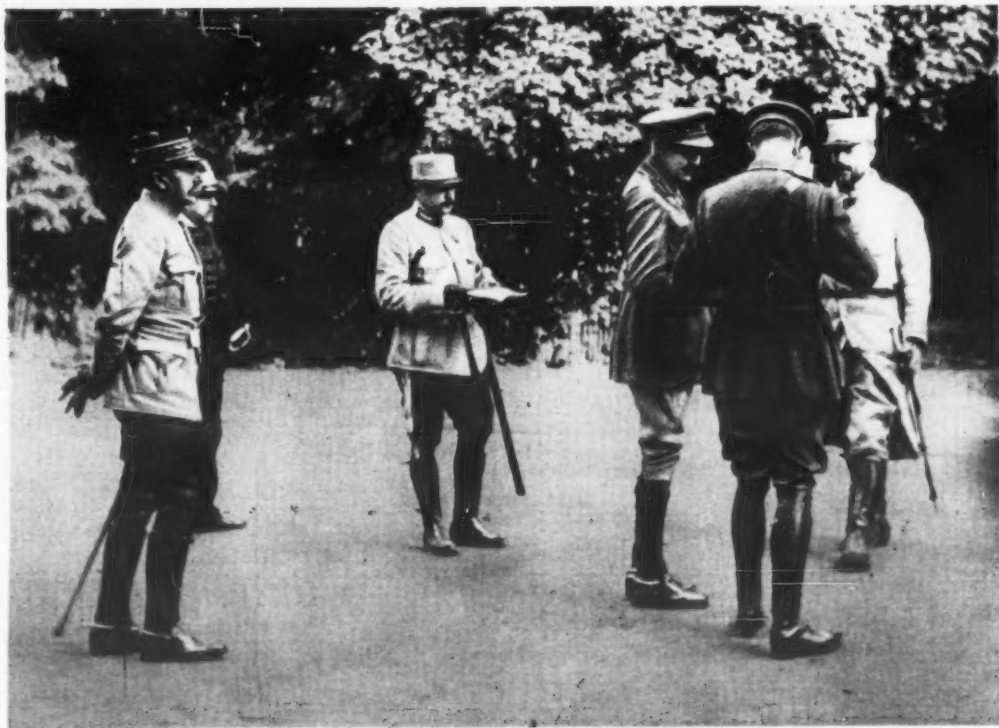
Belgian Infantry Moving Forward Over the Sand Dunes in Flanders.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



A Mass of Walls, a Sign, a Misplaced Rail--All That Is Left of the Ypres Station.

(Photo © International News Service.)



The Duke of Connaught Decorates an Officer in the Fourth Army.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



Just Behind the Lines in the Vosges--Removing the Badly Wounded.

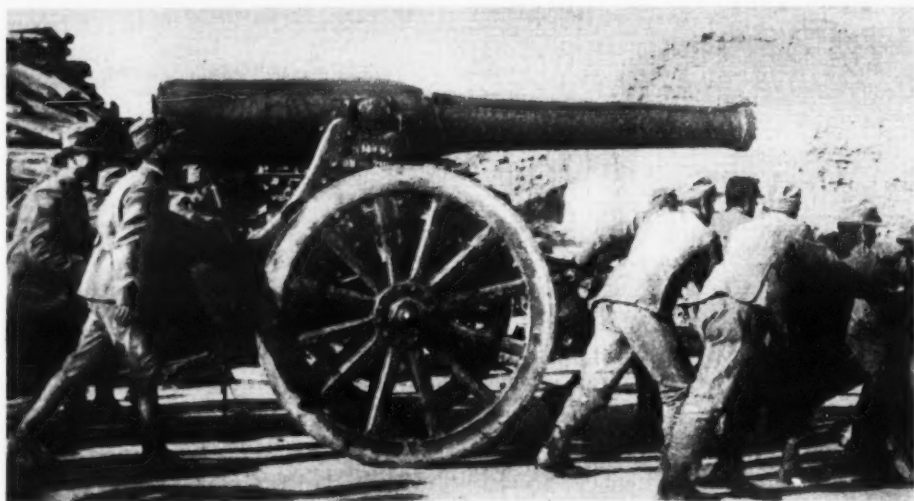
(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



## Snapshots Made with Italy's Warriors



King Victor Emmanuel's Engineers Establish Telephonic Communications with the Front.  
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



Placing a Heavy Gun in Position on a Road  
in the Dolomite Alps.



A Typical Hillside Front in the Mountains;  
Italian Troops in Place.



Guglielmo Marconi (with Sword), Leaving War Headquarters  
After Receiving His Commission as an Italian Officer.  
(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)



## Cradled in the Tree Tops, the Teuton Spies at Ease

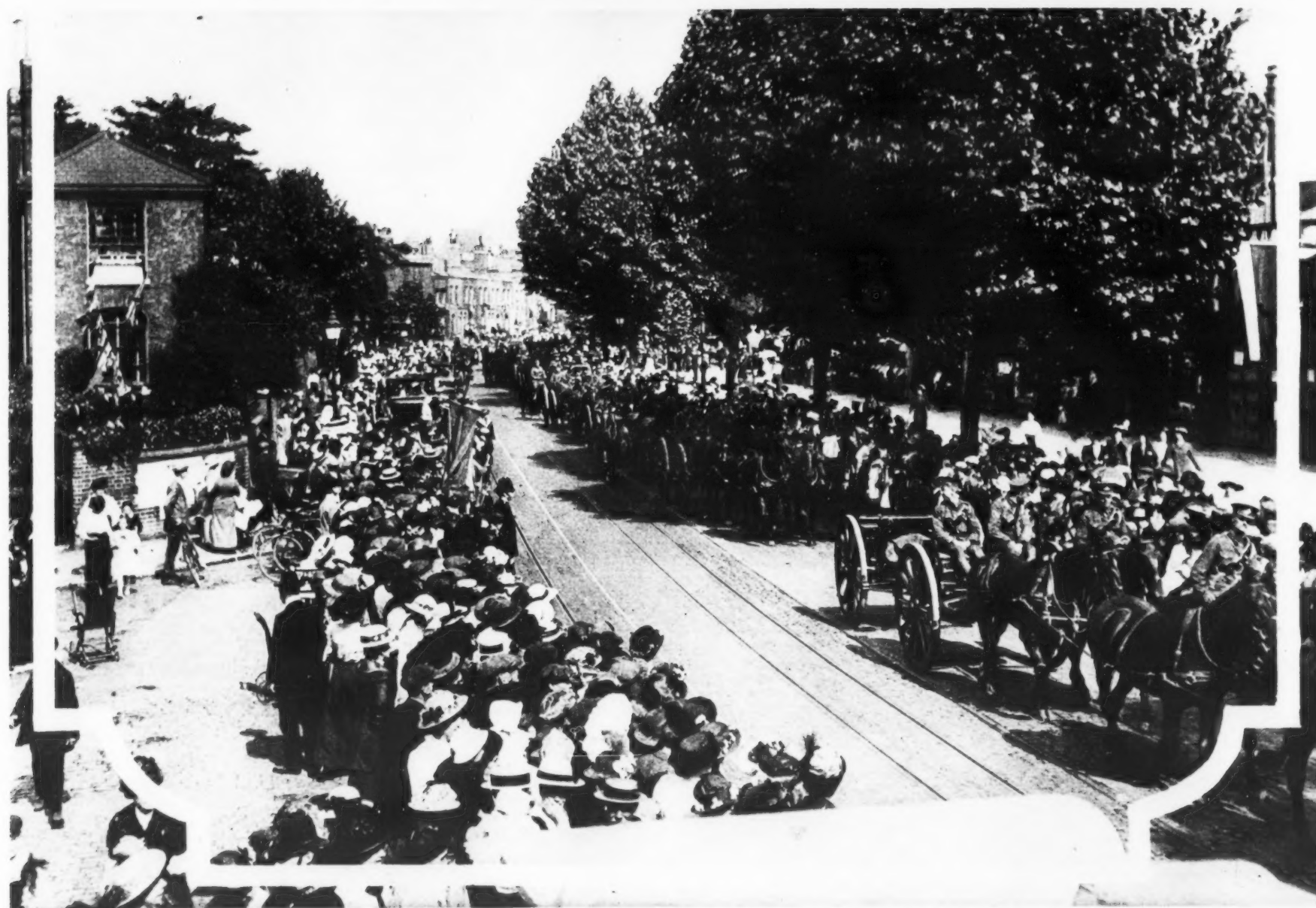


A Characteristic German Structure in the Forest of the Argonne, Where Constant Fighting with the Enemy Has Taken Place. The Bridge, Built in the Tree Tops, Is Used by the Corps Commander to Spy Out the Actions of the Enemy.

*(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)*



## All London Waves Farewell to Guns of Camberwell



When the Camberwell Artillery Left for the Front the Streets of London Were Black with the Populace Gathered to Say Good-Bye to the Brigade, Which Is Composed Chiefly of Men of the London Suburbs.

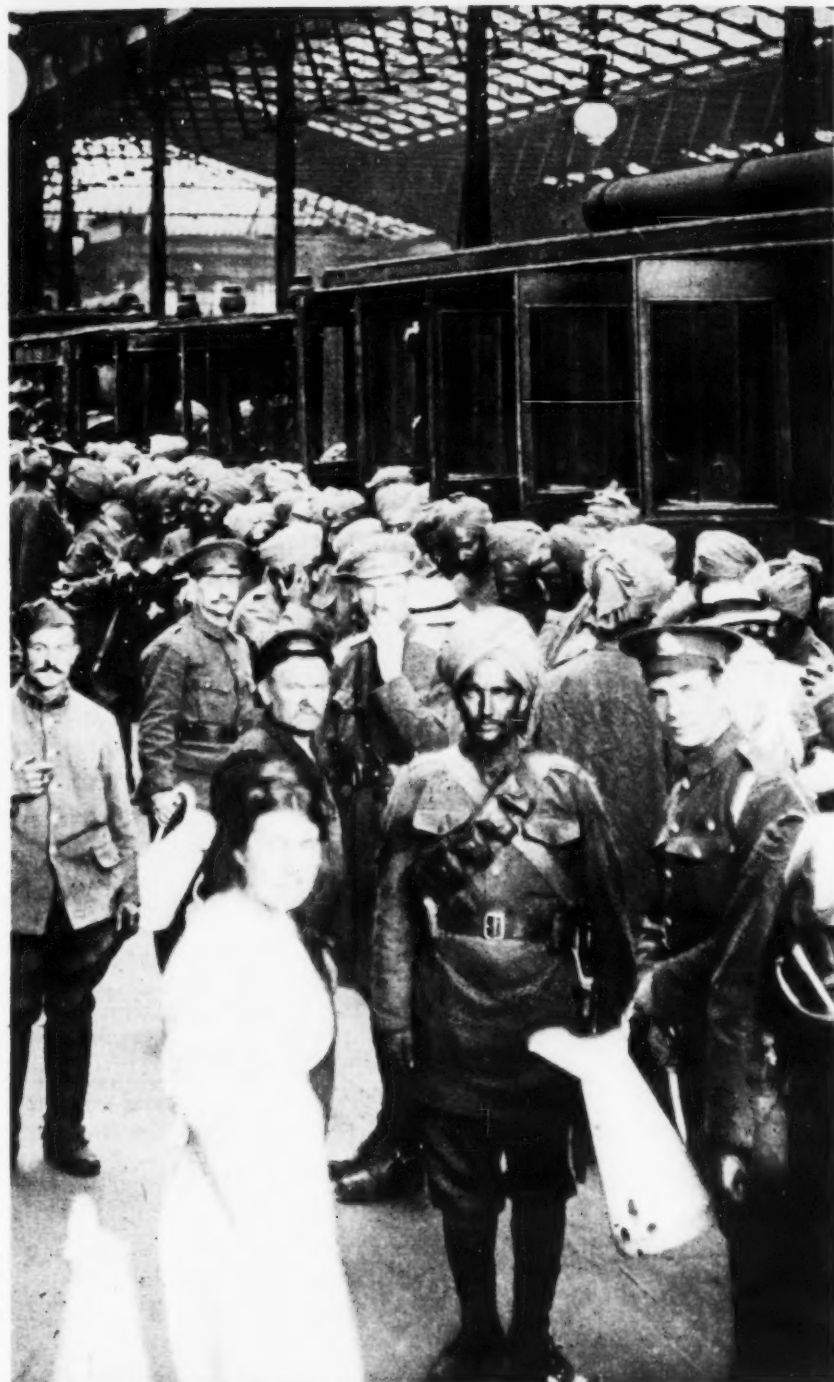
*(Photos from Underwood & Underwood, and © by International News Service.)*



# French Railways Are Again Monopolized by New Troops



Looking to the Comfort of the Soldier at a Stop en Route.



At One of the Paris Railway Stations; Milk for All.



Frenchmen, All of Them; Relaxation While the Train Awaits Divisional Orders to Proceed.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



## War Bases for the Turks in the Holy Land



A Division of Turkish Artillery Drawn Up Just Outside the Walls of Jerusalem, and Ready to Start for the Front.



In Damascus, Where Stores Are Being Collected and Ammunition Manufactured for Use by the Army of Turkey.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

**T**URKEY has two military bases far removed from her battle fronts which, if they were only furnished with modern machinery and could obtain raw products, would turn out an inexhaustible supply of war material. As it is, they are useful as depots for food while their neighborhood forms excellent, natural manoeuvring grounds. One is Damascus, on the railway line that runs from Beirut, on the Lebanon coast, down to Maan. The other is Jerusalem, the terminal of the line running inland from Jaffa almost to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea.

In the days of the early Crusades, Damascus was a great arsenal where arms were made, including the famous blades to which it gave its name. It was here also that stores of grain and droves of mules were collected just before Turkey entered the war early in November and whence,

in the succeeding month, the 14,000 Turks and Arabians departed on their unsuccessful expedition to capture Egypt and the Suez Canal.

From Old Testament times down through the twelfth century the rolling hills and plains around Jerusalem have witnessed vast armies in mortal combat. Here Saladin defeated Guy de Lusignan, the Crusaders' King of Jerusalem, in 1187, and later pledged a three years' truce to Richard Coeur de Lion. He died in 1193 at Damascus, but his resting place is unknown, although he has at least three "authentic" tombs alleged to hold his ashes.

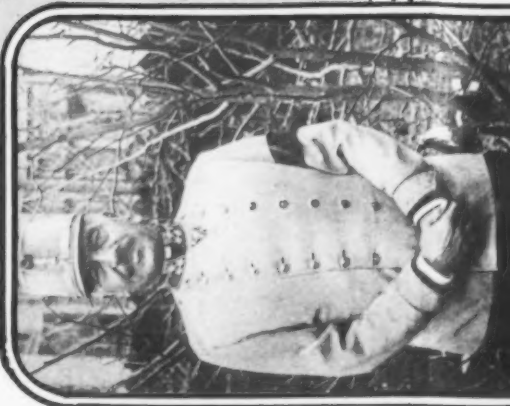
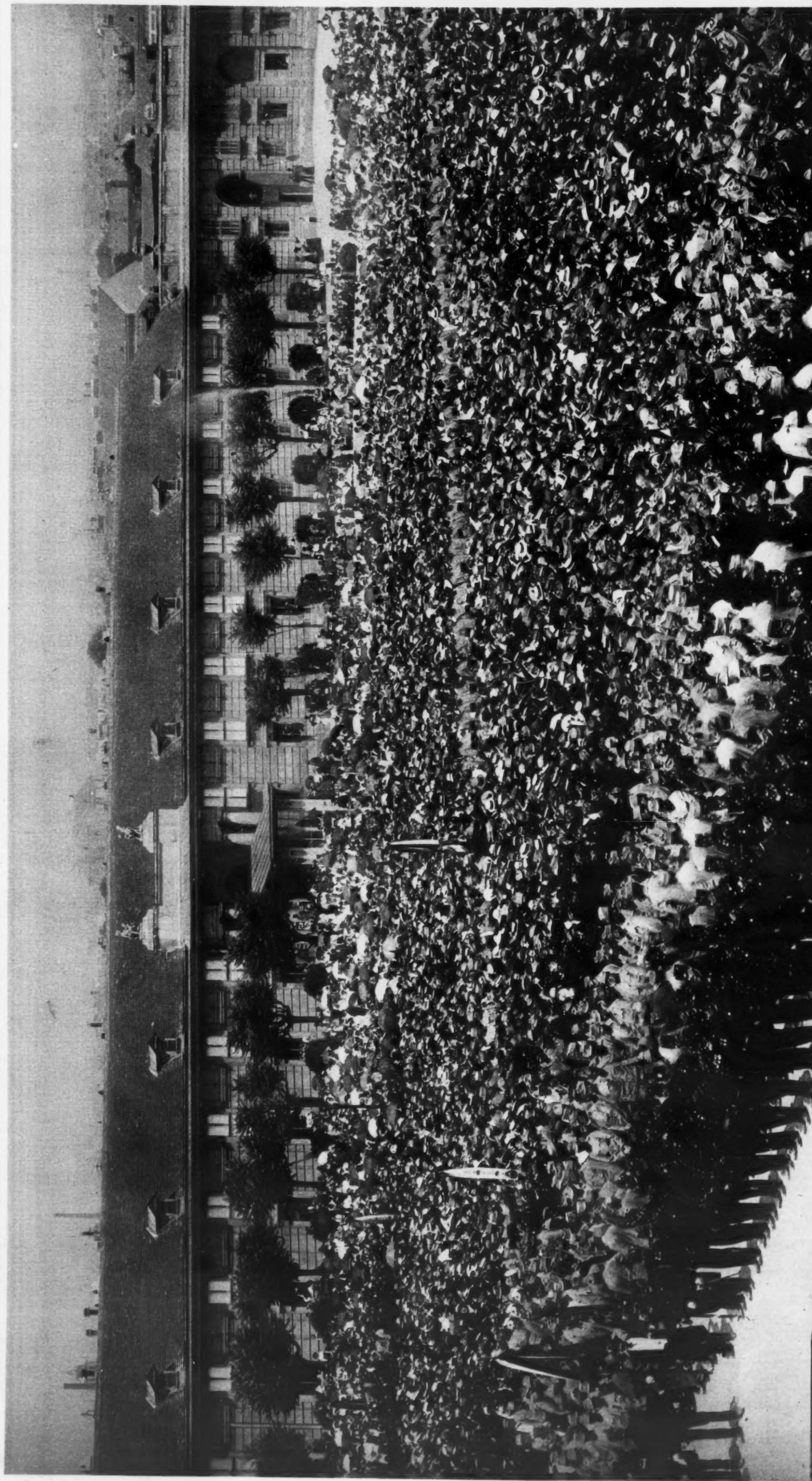
At Jerusalem, as at Damascus, stores are still collected and men are being drilled. At the former place the Turks have several parks of field artillery, the ammunition for which is being manufactured at Damascus. Will it be used

in another attempt to capture Egypt beyond the desert of Sinai, or against the Anglo-Indian expedition that is making its way northward between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, or to reinforce the army at Constantinople?

Meanwhile the propaganda of Germany in these cities goes on unabated. The Moslems are continually being assured that they can expect nothing but ill treatment to themselves and their women folk should any of the Entente Powers occupy the country, and the few local papers still appearing—the best ones have been stopped—are full of nothing but the usual type of German news rehashed from the *Osmanische Lloyd* by the German censor at Constantinople. Revolutions in the British and some of the French colonies are all that the people of Damascus and Jerusalem have been reading about for eleven months.



## The Victories in Galicia Are Celebrated at the Palaces in Vienna and Budapest



The Austrian General von Planzer-Balting, Who Regained Bukowina.



An Exclusive Photograph of the Crowd Attending the Exercises in the Palace Courtyard in Vienna.

General von Linsingen, the German Commander, Who Won Galicia.



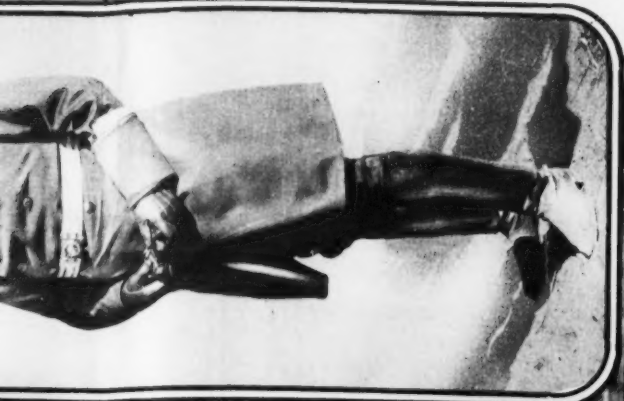
The Austrian General von Planzer-Balting, Who Regained Bukowina.



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General von Linsingen, the German Commander, Who Won Galicia.



THRONG OF ENTHUSIASTIC HUNGARIANS THAT ATTENDED THE CELEBRATION IN BUDAPEST.  
(Photos by Die Landuecht, Underwood & Underwood, and Press Illustrating Co.)



## A Bourbon Princess to Rule Austria



An Exclusive Photograph of Part of the Royal Household at a Private Memorial Service in the Castle Gardens. In Front, from Left to Right, Stand Archduchess Maria Therese, Archduke Otto, the Little Boy, and His Mother, Archduchess Zita.



Archduchess Zita (Center) at a Public Demonstration in Vienna, Where She Is Very Popular. The Mayor of Vienna Is Bending Over Her Hand, and Behind Him Is Seen Prince Trautmansdorf.

(Photos from Die Landwecht.)

**A**LTHOUGH the report has been denied that Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, heir presumptive to the royal and imperial throne of Austria-Hungary, was wounded by a bomb near Konopischt, in Bohemia, interest has revived in regard to his wife. She has not lost her husband, but she is likely to lose her property in France, for the French Government is seriously contemplating its confiscation. This is the Chateau Chambord, near Blois, which covers more than 12,000 acres. The chateau was bequeathed to her father, the Duke de Bourbon-Parma, who died in 1907.

To be sure the Archduke's wife, whose name is Zita Princess de Bourbon-Parma, is No. 12 among nineteen brothers and sisters, but as she

is the only sane one of them all, the others would probably not contest her as the sole heir if the French would only leave the estate alone.

At the head of this unhappy procession of imbecile Princes and Princesses is his Royal Highness the Duke of Parma. He is forty-two years of age and developed insanity in early youth. He is the eldest of eight children born to the late Duke's first wife, Princess Maria Pia of Bourbon-Sicily, a cousin. The Duke's widow, the mother of Princess Zita, is Maria Antonia, the youngest of the six famous Braganza Princesses, and aunt to Miguel de Braganza, who married Miss Anita Stewart, now the Duchess of Vizeu. The second wife bore the Duke eleven children, only one of whom, the Archduke's wife, is sane.

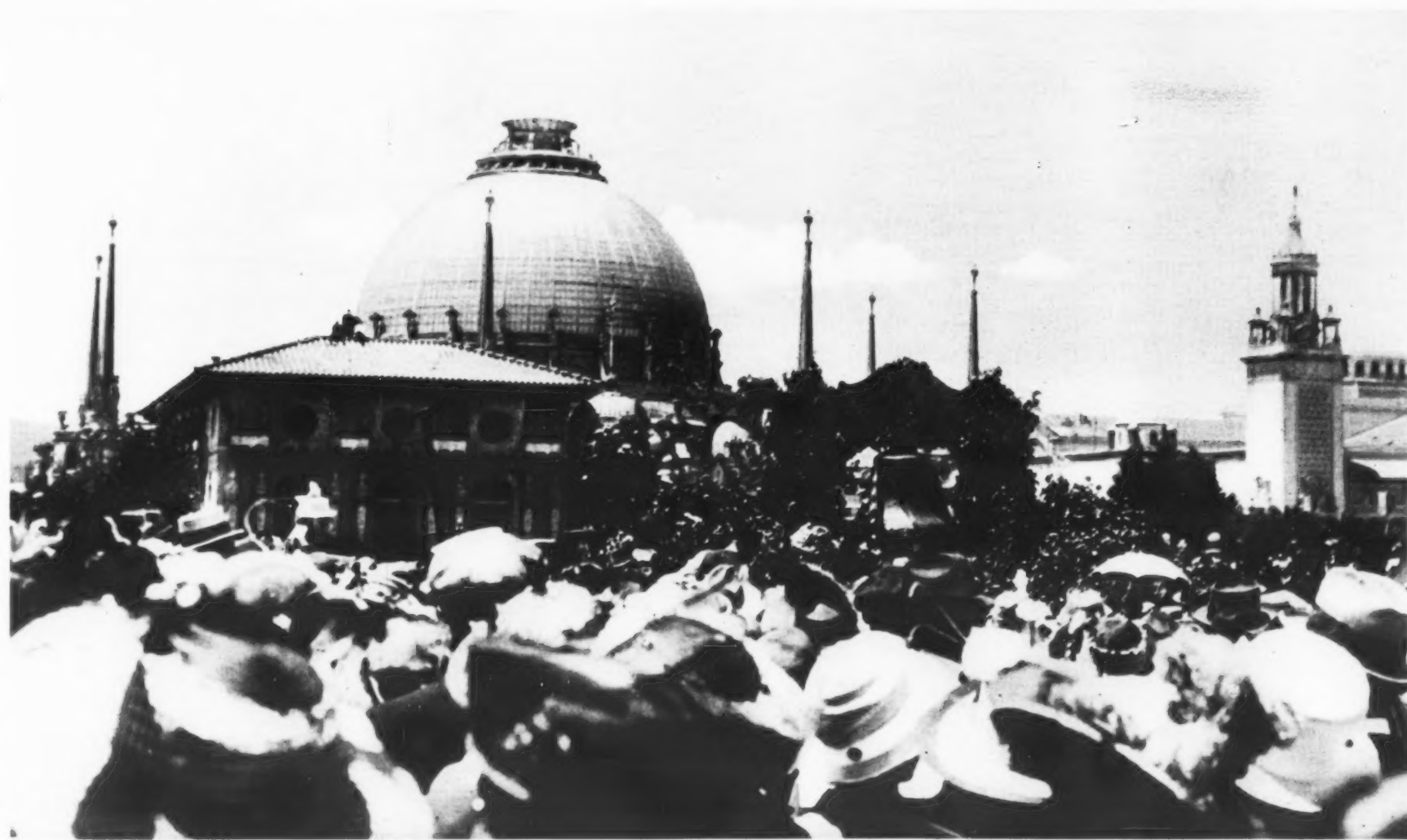
She was born in 1892 and was married at the age of 19 at Schwarzau am Steinfelde.

There is a legend in the family of Bourbon-Parma that years ago a gypsy cursed the late Duke who had betrayed her daughter, saying that the taint of insanity would cling to his house until a member of it should lead to the altar a woman of humble birth. As this was impracticable, his wife finally compromised, when Princess Zita was born, by naming her after the humblest and last saint in the alphabetic calendar, and so the curse escaped her, only to be revived in her seven brothers and sisters. Zita is known as the Kitchen Maid Saint, and a couplet about her reads:

"Z for Saint Zita, the good kitchen maid:  
She prayed, and she prayed, and she prayed."



## Striking a Peaceful Note in a War-Torn World: The Liberty Bell in San Francisco



The Recent Arrival of the Liberty Bell at the Grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Where It Was Awaited by an Enthusiastic Crowd Which Eagerly Hailed the Treasured Relic from Philadelphia.

(Photos © American Press Assn.)



## IN A GALICIA REWON



Farmers and peasants from the neighboring countryside gathered on a market day in the public square at Stryj, which the Teutonic advance has recaptured from the Russians.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

Austrian soldiers directing the field-work of the Galician peasant women in the recaptured country.



## IN AN INVADED RUSSIA



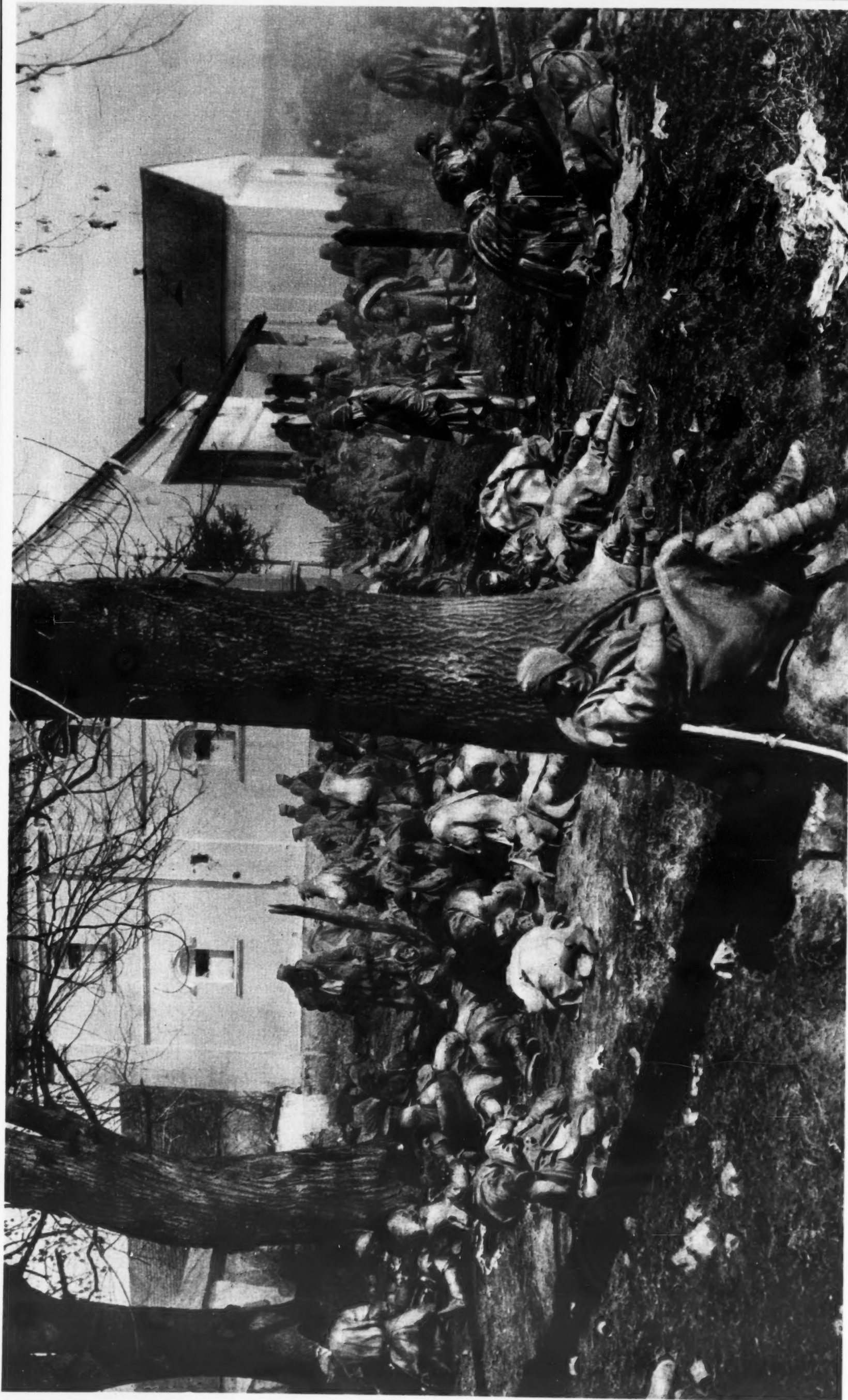
Russian prisoners taken by Bavarians in the Polish campaign rounded up at the Russian town of Berzniki ready for transportation to Germany.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)

Admired by their Teuton captors: Polish maidens returning from church in a village occupied by the Germans.

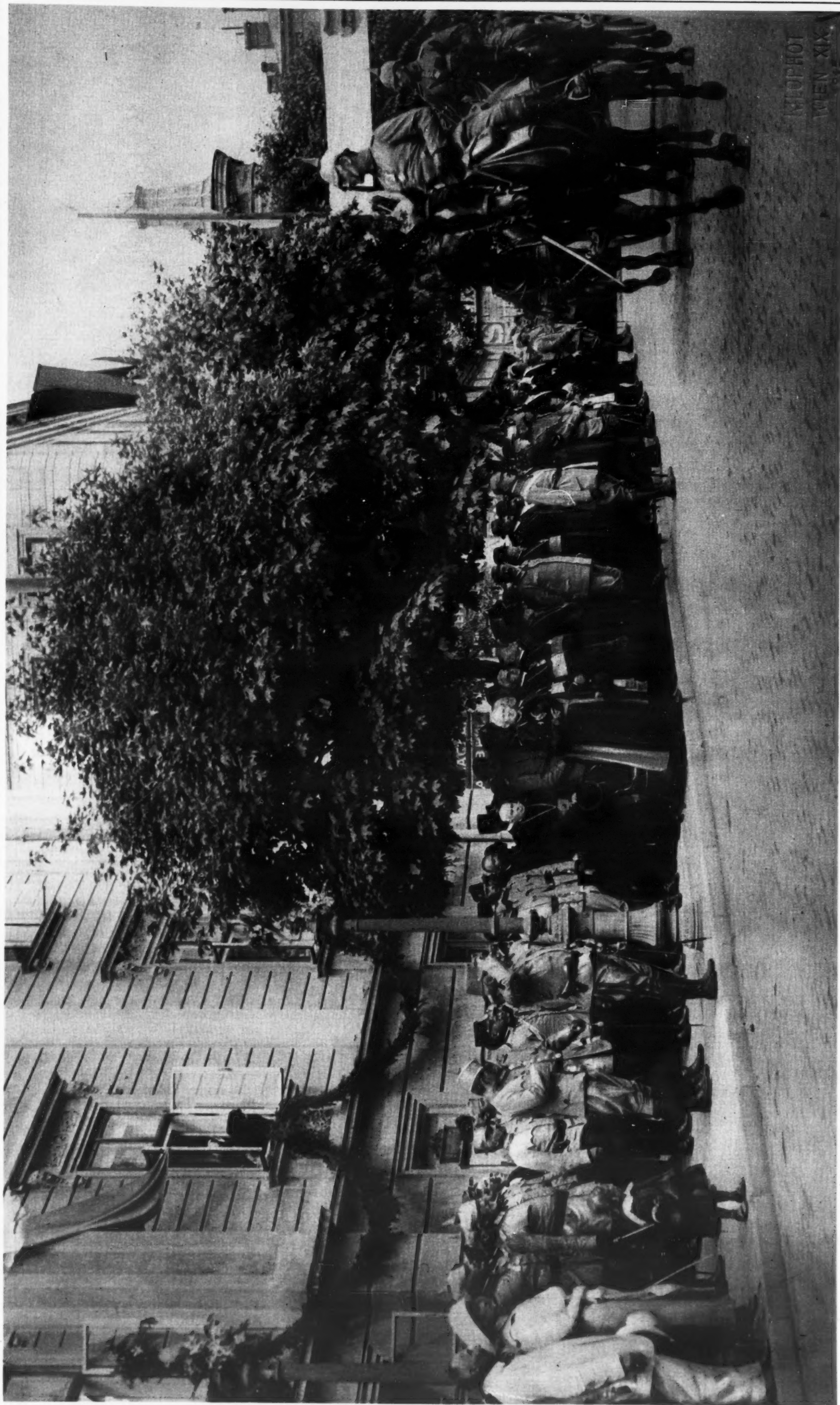






Bosnian Soldiers, Seldom Shown in the War Photographs, Are Here Seen Resting in Galicia, with Austrian Petty Officers in Charge.  
(Photo from Die Landwehr.)

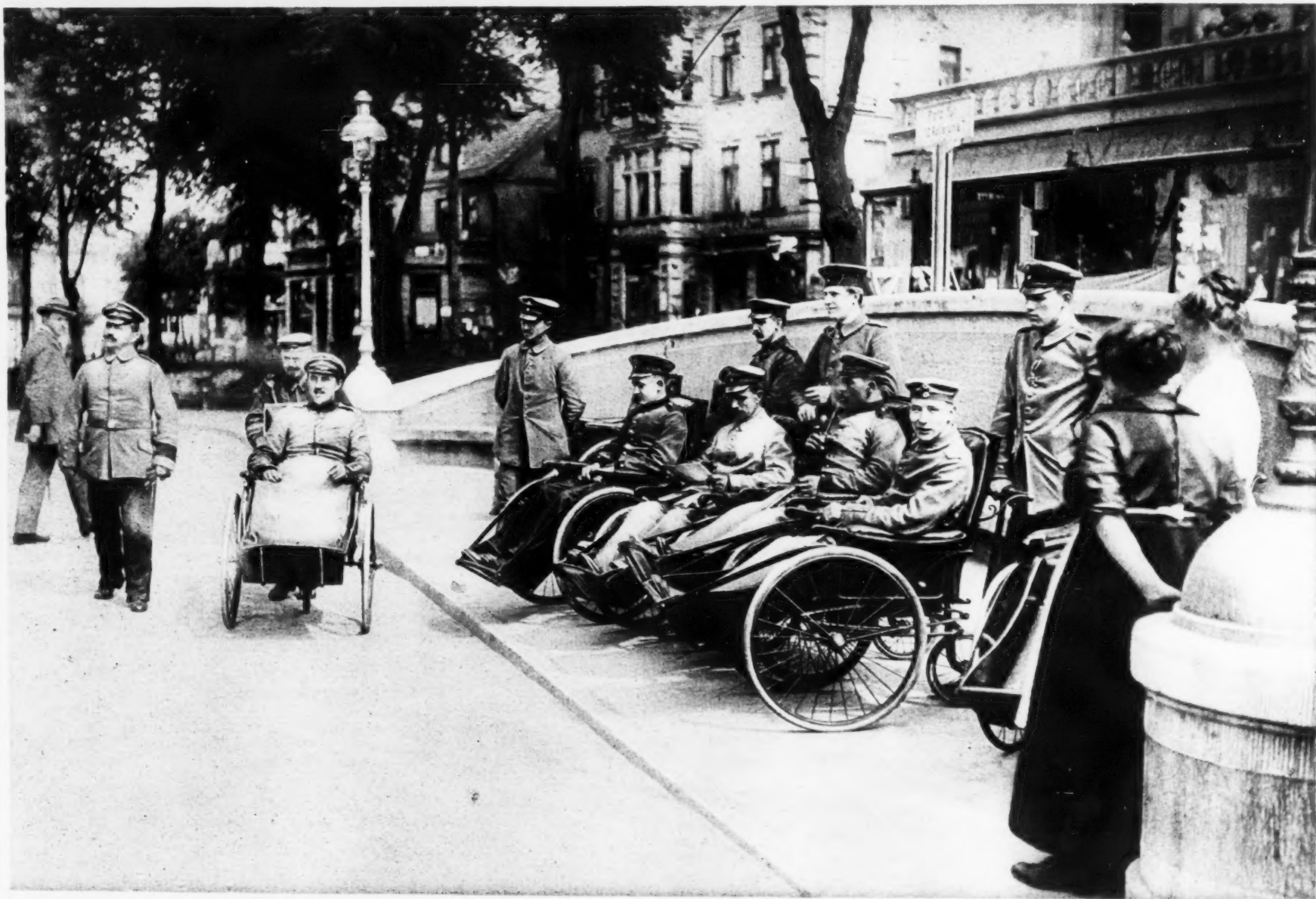




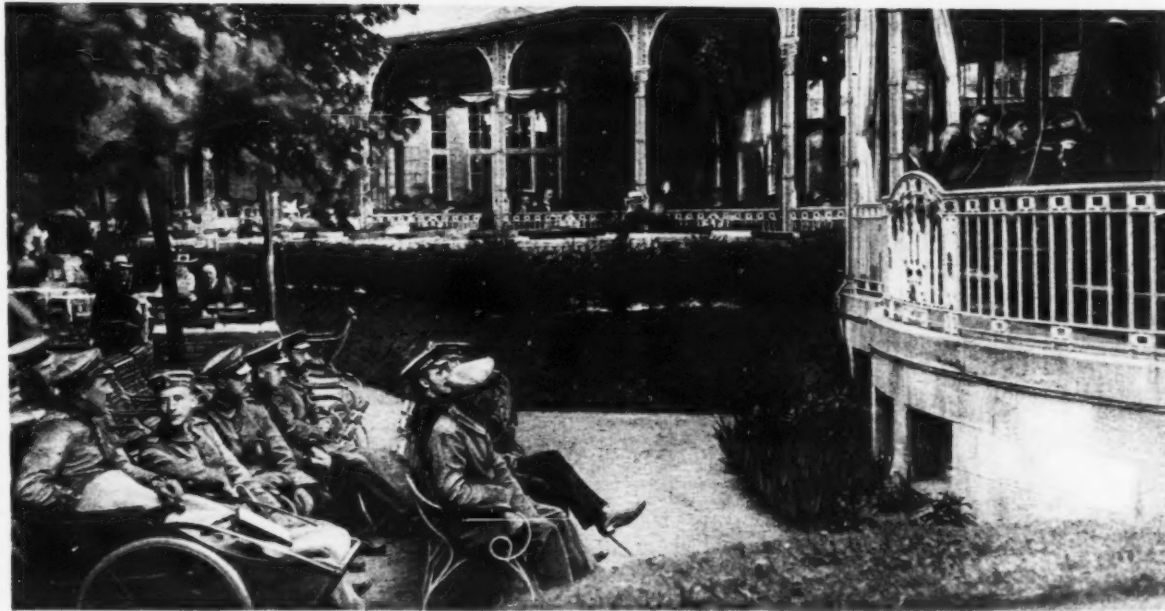
Field Marshal Archduke Frederick and Archduke Charles Francis Review the Austro-Hungarian Troops in Lemberg as They Pass on to Russia.  
(Photo from Die Landwehr.)



## Making Over German Soldiers at Bad Oeynhausen



Wounded Men from the Fighting Lines Sent for Recuperation to Bad Oeynhausen.



The Crippled Are Wheeled to Positions from Which They May Enjoy the Daily Concerts.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)



Convalescents, Almost Ready to Leave, Amusing Themselves Pending Discharge.

IT has been estimated that in normal seasons American tourists left at German cure places alone about \$5,000,000. What is being left this Summer has not been recorded—probably it is not much. The Summer of 1914 was so good that if the war had not begun before Autumn fortunes would doubtless have been sunk in improvements. As it was, after an interval of a few months soldier guests replaced foreigners and civilians, for in October the German Government took over many of the watering places to be used for their convalescent sick and wounded. Those which did not possess the appointments for Winter cures were naturally closed until Spring.

Among these is Bad Oeynhausen, in Westphalia, Prussia, noted for its warm saline springs, some of which have been tapped at a depth of 2,000 feet.

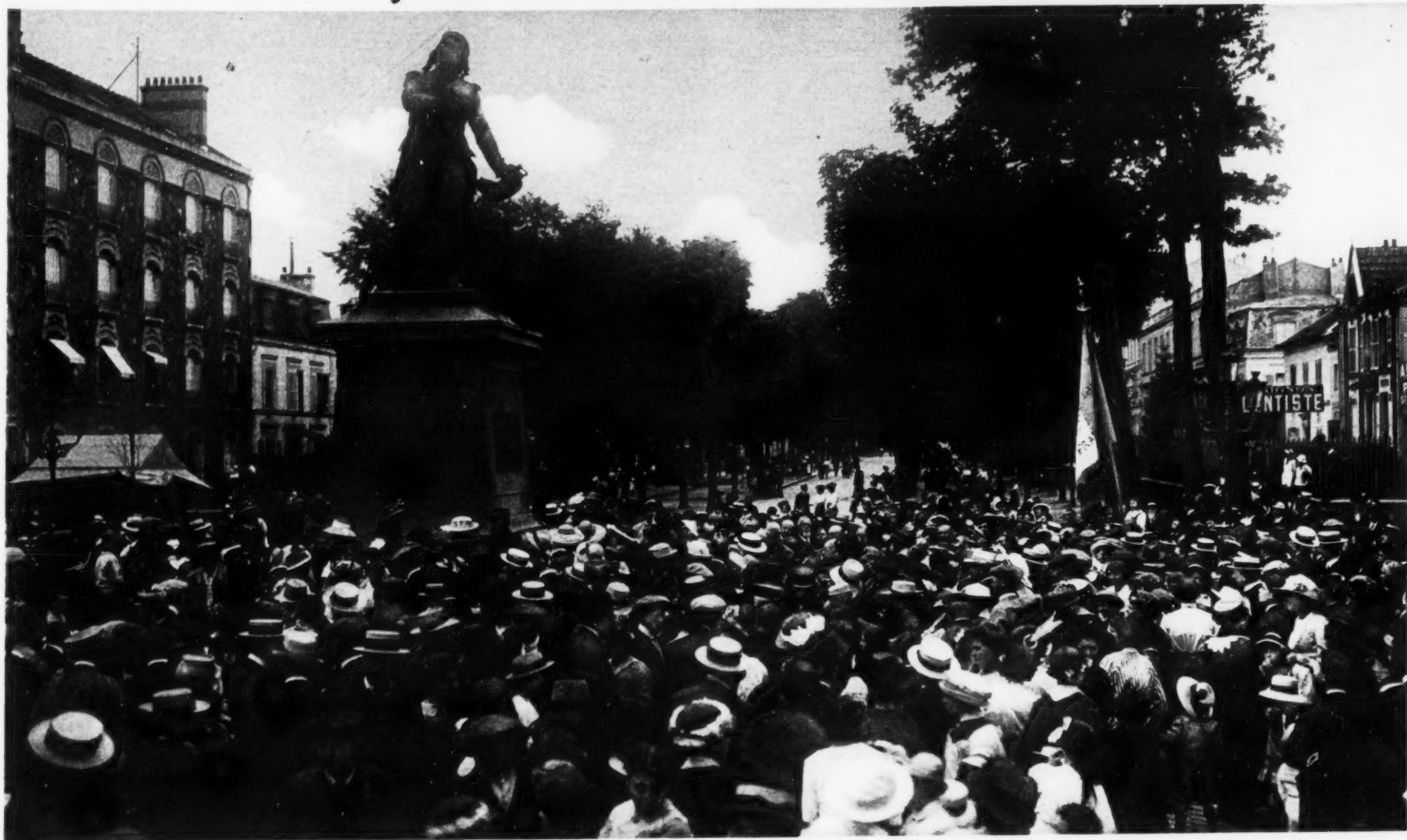
Even in former years its population of 4,300 hardly counted, for there were from 15,000 to 20,000 visitors always present taking the waters and listening to the band play thrice daily near the Kurhaus. This Summer there are even more guests, not only at the Kur Hotel, the Vogeler, and the various pensions, but a camp has been established near the town, which is a small city in itself.

The reorganization of the place is one more tribute to German thoroughness, for nothing is spared in the shape of scientific nursing and home comforts to place the 25,000 military convalescents at Bad Oeynhausen at the front again as soon as possible. Moreover, so that the civilian population shall not lose as much as it might if the season were entirely closed, tariffs are maintained as usual, but at a lower rate.

Even in other days there were always plenty of Prussian officers at Bad Oeynhausen, but now the aspect is entirely changed. In place of anaemic faces set off in gorgeous uniforms are those on which the stains or scars of war are seen set off in rough service uniforms; in place of the handsomely gowned women are the wives and sisters of the convalescents in home attire, while the aftermath of war's horrors in all its humblest, homeliest forms monopolize the benches in Kur Park and those along the promenades to Siel and Nadelwehr.



## In Memory of the Author of "La Marseillaise"



Crowd Before the Statue of Rouget de Lisle at Choisy Celebrating the Memory of the Famous Composer.

THERE are two Summer feast days which are particularly dear to French hearts. One is June 26, the anniversary of the death at Choisy of Rouget de Lisle, the man who gave France her great national anthem. The other is July 14, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille.

This year the two days had a common bond of sympathy. On the first there was more than the usual enthusiasm in processions of veterans, firemen, and school children around the statue of the soldier-composer at Choisy, and the song was sung louder and the flowers were more numerous and more beautiful than ever before. But on the second day, at Paris, both song and composer may be said to have received their apotheosis. For it was then amid a truly national ceremony that the body of the author of "La Marseillaise" was taken to the Hotel des Invalides, there to repose beside that of the great Napoleon.

Who can explain the magic of this song, heard for over a century on every French battlefield, in victory or retreat—this song composed in a night of fever on April 24, 1792, at Strassburg, for the Army of the Rhine, which was first to catch the ear of the nation when sung by a battalion from Marseilles as it entered Paris on the 30th of the following July—this song which has run through all the drama of this war in France?

A French infantryman writes from a village in the Argonne, where "blood ran in the gutters like water on a rainy day" and his comrades were giving way before the enemy.

"Suddenly," he writes, "the 'Marseillaise' rang out while the bugles of the three regiments sounded the charge. From where we stood by the fire of burning houses we could see the action very clearly, and never again shall I see anything more fantastic than those thousands of red legs charging in close ranks. The gray legs began to tremble—they do not love the bayonet—and the 'Marseillaise' kept on with the bugles, while our guns vomited suns."

"Not a shot now, but cold steel. Suddenly the bugles changed their note and sounded the call to the flag. The flag was in danger. There was a horrible pause; then the cry, 'To the flag!' then the 'Marseillaise' again. We saw the awful struggle to the death with that song sounding above the shouting and the shrieks, and—we kept that flag."

"You imagine you know the 'Marseillaise' because you have heard it sung at festivals. But really to know it you must hear it sung in burning, narrow streets, where blood is flowing, and when the flag of France is in danger."



Children of the Allies in the West, English, French and Belgian, Bearing Their National Flags in the Celebration.

(Photos from Medem News Service.)



## Rumania Must Soon Decide on Her War Policy



120-mm. Guns, a Part of Rumania's New Equipment, Passing the King During One of the Many Recent Parades at Bucharest.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)

**A**SIDE from the normally accredited diplomats there are many others in Bucharest just now making an appraisal of Rumania's military establishment, which is almost daily exhibited in the form of reviews, manoeuvres, and drills. It is almost as though the Government displayed this establishment like some commodity it was ready to farm out, the said commodity to go to the highest bidder.

Ever since the death of King Carol on October 10, 1914, Rumanian statesmen have declared, both in and out of office, that it would only be a few days before their country would join in the Great War on the side of the Entente Powers. Yet Rumania has continued to remain neutral, while preparing for eventualities.

The spirit of the people and the press has always been Francophile and, if a decision rested with them alone, there would be no longer any waiting. But decision does not rest with them and the complications of Rumania's position increase daily—first it was Germany and Austria, then it was her fellow states in the Balkans, and finally it was the Entente Powers themselves which prevented her from having a free hand.

As far back as the last of January the German Government complained on behalf of Austria-Hungary that the Rumanian Interventionists were carrying on a propaganda among the Rumanians of Bukowina and Transylvania and later



King Ferdinand I. of Rumania.

(Photo from P. S. Rogers.)

added that these were "hostile acts against Germany's ally and not in accord with the amicable relations between Germany and Rumania."

From another point of view Russia made the same complaint in regard to Bessarabia and for the last four months has been holding an army of 250,000 troops at Odessa to protect Bessarabia in case Rumania sided with Germany and Austria-Hungary. Then there were the unsatisfactory negotiations with Bulgaria, for Bulgaria wanted the territory returned she had ceded Rumania in 1913 as the price of her neutrality in the present war.

In June it was authoritatively stated by M. Pilipesco, the leader of the Rumanian Conservatives, that an agreement had been reached between his country and the Entente Powers as to the former's role in the war. But Rumania had no ammunition and her agents in the United States reported that all here had been contracted for by her would-be allies for months to come.

Rumania was equal to the emergency. She allowed the ammunition that was being sent by Germany through her territory to Turkey to accumulate and then placed an embargo on it. At the same time, she prohibited the exportation via Bulgaria of all war supplies contracted for by the Turks. By so doing she has really done just what the Germans have been imploring the United States to do, but, of course, with a different purpose in view. And there the matter rests, while Rumania's military show, augmented by some new naval guns on mobile carriages, continues.



## The Frenchman's Spirit Never Flags



Fun with the Gallic Cock, the Mascot of Their Regiment.  
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



From Periscope to Model-Stand; Even in the Trenches  
Art Holds Its Devotees.

(Photo © International News Service.)



Souvenirs Made from Fragments of Shells; These French  
"Brothers" Are Happy in Their Grim Occupation.



## Looking Toward The Future

This generation can never escape the consequences of the great world war. The career of every individual is profoundly modified by its events. Its history will be the overshadowing influence of this generation and that to come.

It is, therefore, of prime importance to you to possess an authoritative, first-hand history in permanent form of this great world epic. You can now obtain such a record in

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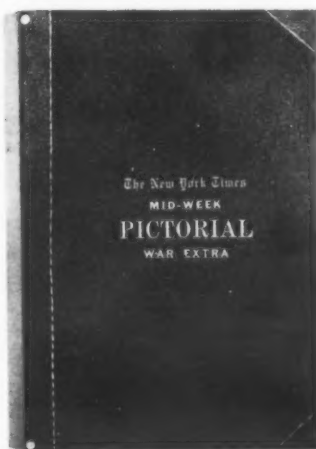
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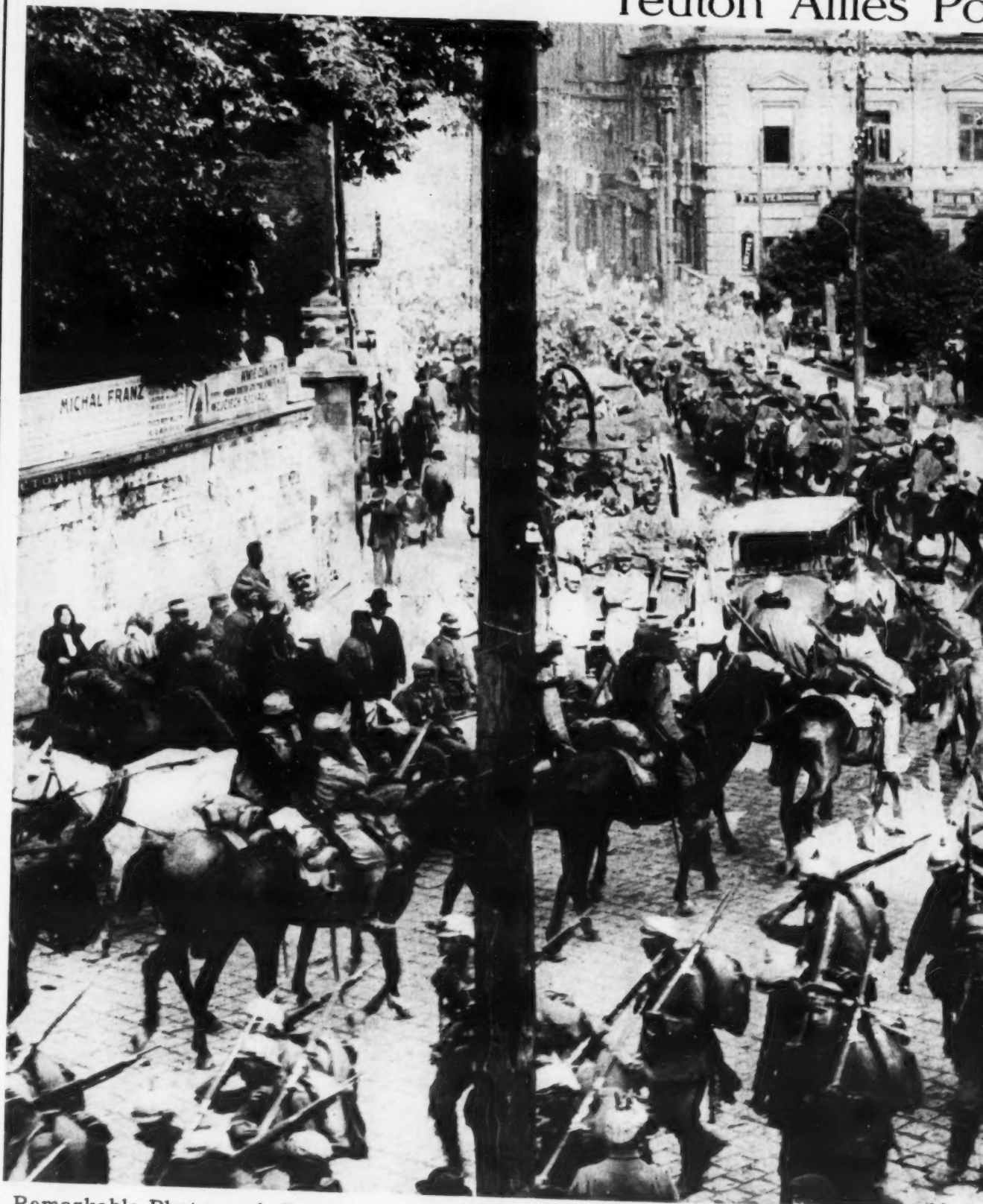
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